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and got my kite and went out and flew it on the Course. WSP was in a rake-up-mood, and pudder-around-with-the-ponds mood, and so I walked about with WSP, all the while I had the kite in tow. WSP is very used to my kite flying now and invariably I find a reason for him to take hold of the controls. He loves to take control of the kite. On Friday afternoon the occasion came when the kite got caught in a tree and he held the controls while I went to the kite and extricated it from the spruce tree wherein it had become entangled. Without very much effort the kite was skyward again and the string was full-out and WSP was at the controls and having a wonderful time. As has happened several times in the recent past, WSP has helped in the reeling-in at the end of the kite-flying session. He pulls in and creates slack and I wind on the spool. We did so at the garage door. As we were doing so, someone drove in and asked if the Course was open. As WSP saw the car drive in he remarked: "No, the Course is not open yet. We're too busy flying kites." Very droll. Kite flying is such a non-pragmatic undertaking that I love to get WSP involved in it, and he doesn't fight getting involved in the slightest. He loves it. Friday evening at home was very pleasant: dinner, Rukeyser, to bed. Now, on to Sunday: I got up late and put my luggage in order for the trip and then waited for dinner. At 12 P.M. it was served, promptly, by HLRP, who knew that I wanted to be in town at 1 P.M. to meet John to go on a photographic expedition. While waiting for dinner, I decided that I would go down to Brookvalley for an hour's visit, which is what I did. Russell was at home, and we chatted about "what's new" and that was easy. They have a new horse and a new colt and a new Springer Spaniel. Russell was cleaning the barn and fussing about and preparing a stall for a load of sawdust. A very pleasant visit. The kids and Ann returned from somewhere and I then visited them in the house. The television was on and Laura was about making a pizza and William and April were involved with cartoons on the TV and Ann and I chatted about "what's new" and I stayed until five minutes to twelve when I announced that I had to be back by twelve and that was that. I was offered tea but refused, knowing that I would have dinner at 12 P.M. After dinner I went into town and met John in Memorial Park and we had a grand three hours photographing all over town. He has a 35 mm. camera and several lens (wide angle, telescopic, normal, etc.) and we photographed Cith Hall and in Memorial Park and up the West Side of Main Street and into Maplewood Cemetery and from there to the Roundhouse and then along the Lackawanna River and then over to the O&W tressel (where I got tangled up in some tar, much to my displeasure) and at that point we had run out of film: two rolls of 36 were taken, color slides. We then walked over to Rea & Derick, only to find that they had closed at 3 P.M.; Rob Lewis was in front of the store and we chatted briefly and he suggested that we try Ames' and we did that and after we (John) bought the film, he discovered that the camera wouldn't work. We decided to call it a day. I told him that we would do it again and that I would share the expense of the film and developing. He was very proud to buy the film and to make that his expense. I understand that. It was money that he earned from his paper route: he delivers the Sunday papers from 7:30 A.M. to about 12 P.M. on Sunday. The camera and equipment he has inherited from his grandfather. After I returned to New York on the 18th, I mailed John a check for \$10, no it was cash, to cover, I hope, the cost of having the two rolls of film developed. The color slides will be central to the presentation that I will give and that John will give during the Pioneer Days educational and historical series in City Hall. We will project slides and have music and narration. I want to have lots of slides to choose from and I want to have two or three more photographic sessions with John. It was great fun. We played with a hand-pump-type rail car on one of the inclines in the D&H Yard. In the purest sense of the term, it was fun. We both had a grand time. I took JVB's picture as he was coming down the incline on the car. I hope it turns out well. End.

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and after lunch I went into town and dropped off the books at Johns and then went up to see Carter and give him 12 copies of both parts of the Maplewood issue and dropped off 12 copies of the Maplewood issue at Buberniak's and then drove to Canaan and visited the Clinton Cemetery (marigolds doing well) and then drove to Elkdale and had a look at the cemetery there and am delighted to report that the marigolds there are doing well and that the re-set family stones are doing very well. They are now as strong and firm and vertical as they probably were when they were first put in the ground, some of them over a hundred years ago. Two stones remain to be re-stabilized: John Russell and Michael Gillespie. Two sacred monuments, indeed. I returned to The Homestead around 4 P.M. and got my things all together and prepared for the 6:30 bus and Dad drove me down about 5 P.M. and we stopped at Derek Shaw's and I gave him 25 copies of the current issue (III, 4) of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA. He gave me some material for upcoming issues of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA and a friend of his who is "into" roller coasters was there and that friend was also taking the 6:30 bus to NYC. I later spotted him on the bus and we nodded to each other and that was that. When I returned to New York it was pouring rain and I wrapped my possessions in plastic and walked home and by the time I got to 790 I was soaked but my sacred possessions were dry as the proverbial bone.

06-17-1982, 1:20 P.M.

Chief Dottle called me direct from Carbondale. He said he knew someone who wanted to get a building cleaned, could I tell him who did the test patches on the front of City Hall. I gave him the name and address of HYDRO-CLEAN, Inc., and he seemed pleased. My first thought was that he and/or the city of Carbondale was going to bring some kind of action against the CRCCH. It then occurred to me that he was probably trying to get the information for Bob Thornton of MARBER. When I was showing Thornton the building on Friday, June 11th, Thornton and Dottle spoke to each other as if they were great friends. Thornton is probably getting ready to make a bid and he wanted to find out who else was bidding on the building and so he asked Dottle and Dottle called me.

I showed the flag of Carbondale that I designed and that Ann Powell sewed for me to the Thursday night meeting and to David on Saturday morning. Everyone was impressed. Now I will have to find the most auspicious moment to present the flag: I will perhaps walk in the parade in August carrying the flag.